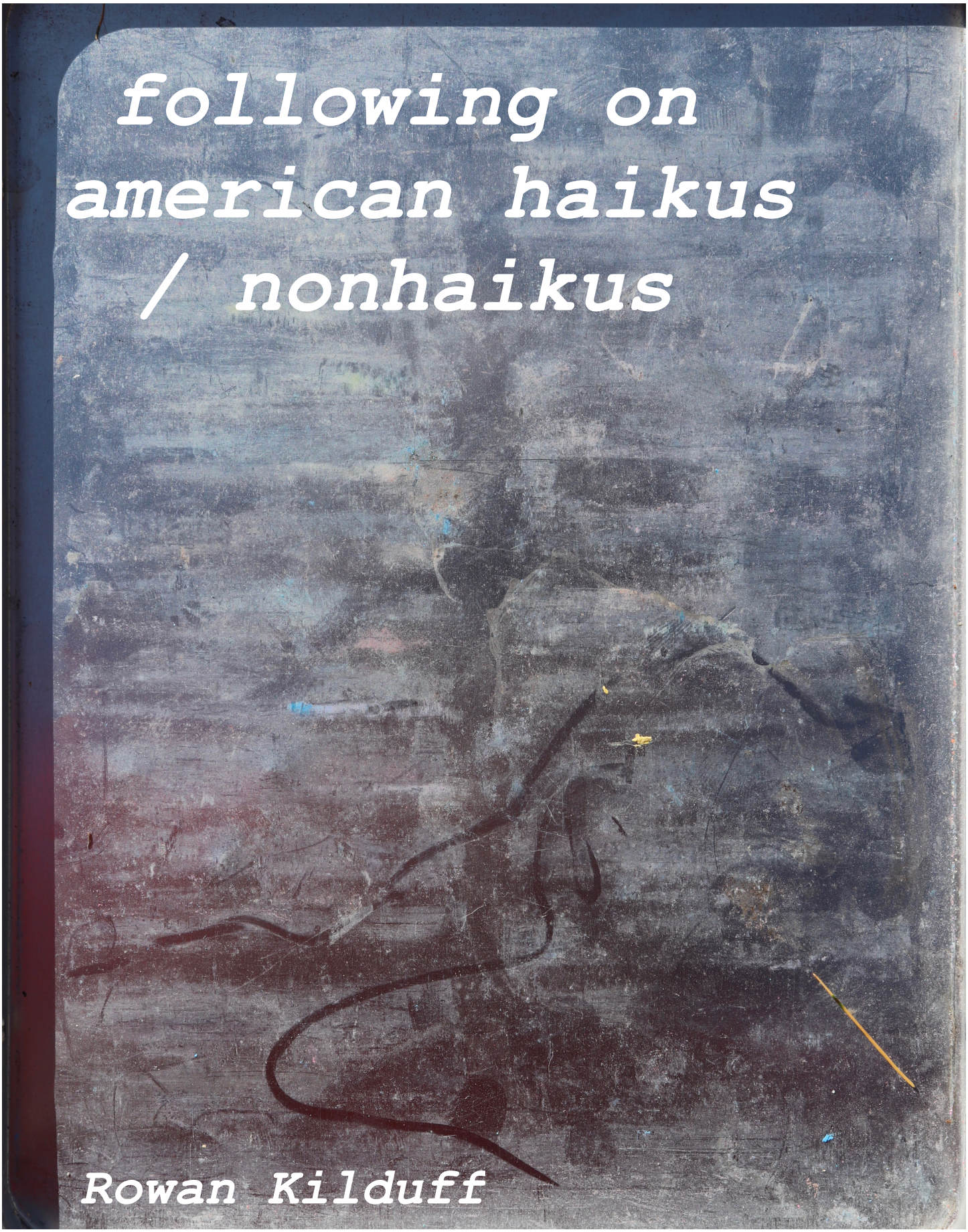

following on
american haikus
/ nonhaikus
Rowan Kilduff

following on american haikus / nonhaikus

Rowan Kilduff

40 days?
big plans
I go back early

spirit stopped talkin'
no wait —
wind blows my door open!

spirit stopped talkin'
search
everywhere

spirit stopped talkin'
and I haven't
met anyone today

a kind of firefly I found
dream-like
in the deep-Earth

far away
from revolution
big spirits bring brightness

freedom runs
ahead with peace-of-mind
they shout 'keep up!'

nowhere and nothin' never been

sweet as now
no Thunderbird today

a good storm'll do it
— make 'em kinder
no Thunderbird today

but no colors now
it's dark at 8
(I hear fireworks)

my son phones from the tent
'can you hear
  the rain?'

mornin' cup of coffee
raisins and nuts and mantras
a rainbow light outta my heart

I send smoke signals
a kid laughs
 in my neighborhood

I send smoke signals
a girl having an orgasm
 in my neighborhood

can't sleep at 4am
First Star nowhere
clouds turn blue

I can't hear my Navajo songs!
a girl walks by
with her big kaboose

what the hell are haikus?
or non-haikus?
nothing special

what's the meaning of poetry?
it don't mean shiiiiiieeeeeeet!
(answered The Sierra-Nevada Buddha)

this non-haiku
is

big rock and forest
this used to be a coral reef!
writ large: 'here I tried to kiss Zuzanna'

up way too late
listening
the rain

world peace is
in a GA-ZILLION
expressions

a world
 without
 armies

what if the universe is a circle?
nobody's ever gone around it
7-yr old wisdom

trying to read Korean
sounds like rain
chickadees

trying to read Korean
this fine mornin'
spruce trees

too many times
kind people say
'don't marry our daughters'

1000s of yr-old trees
rocks see them go
—schoo!—

Jirka Antonin Trnka snores
a maybe-wolf prowls outside
damn cold & no fire

my friend with
big belly laugh
is a sex-crazed Buddha!

the trees
slowly
migrating North

climate refugees
Navajo-Bedouins
all-of-us

Chris the eco-warrior
kicks a coke bottle
down the street

the bike
kicked up stones
he disappeared

the bike slid
sun shone
on dirty faces

pushing the bike
sweat streaks
on dirty faces

again and again
tying and testing
the peyote drum

super tired
sun come
bless me

shaking with
cold hands
what's the secret?

my heart is beating
too fast!
what's the secret?

a special kindof calm
but I am freezing
my liathroidí!

hear that kestrel call?
right here?
sure think I did

a kestrel call
is nothin'
but a kestrel call

what he say?
don't know
gotta speak kestrel

think he's talkin' to you?
so kestrel-talk back
can't you?

'big plans make no sense!'
dew / lightning
kisses

Jesus & Buddha
still hitchin'round

noone gt time fr no hobos

Jesus dun
wore out
him shoes

stayin' focused
on the big perspective
take a nap

I celebrate
my woolly hat
think on love

my scruffy face
looks back at me
— Nanao was right

the kite
keeps crashing
— Ryokan was right

'we'll cut 50'
chainsaw and yellow 1980's škoda
gets straight stuck in the mud

'goddammit!
we cut too many trees Kuba'
tie on a prayer flag

she got groove
that goddess
I can't even say

let's make up a bed
maybe Kaz Tanahashi
will come stay

let's put up a tipi

for when Nanao is tired
of the Milky Way

‘wow for me?
oh, I got so many knives
I’ll give this one away’

‘you don’t have your knife?
here use mine’
Jorge smiles ’its my favorite’

freezing & yahoo-ing
in the creek
makes mountain gods laugh

in the wind
old people
become sky-blue!

the misappropriated bicycle
hits a kerb
breaks in half

taxi hits my bike
I fly
 no helmet

on the rooftop
with / without
super-powers

I put my son back to bed
smiles
in his sleep

there’s a star
over the mountain
a river singin’

there's a desert
in the heart
— full of flowers!

got back joy
this easy day
out in the sky

sky clear rain
just a few
times

meteor showers
stayed up
— clouds!

burns holes
in his t-shirt
‘’falling stars”

pockets of
refugee acorns
I hope

the mountain cabin
moves with the trees
sky & earth illuminate

tracks appear
in new snow
like magic

with a cup of coffee
shelter of this
much-repaired cabin

morning comes
with a deer
on the doorstep

outta the icy creek
naked hollering
can’t get my boots on

for lifetimes guess
I wished
a life like this

talking for a good hour
I don’t speak Japanese
he doesn’t speak English

this old slow mountain man
never changes his pace
loses us fast

sweet working-girls ask
‘why won’t you stay
with us?’

with no good reason
I pick up
fire in the tipi

bear shit
bits of 2 deer
sun gone way down

buddhist mountain temple
old woman dries me
think I’m 5

my trail thru
crushed so many
tiny buddhas

just send 50$
to Buddha

OK?

at the mountain buddhist temple
watch TV with monks
facing West

Kaya Hamamoto
gave me
a place to stay

3am sunrise
sky and sea or land
were the same

2 stars
the sun
chases them away

he lights up
and makes
all the stars disappear

Jorge says
‘infinite
infinite joy’

Che gave them his blanket
in the cold desert
shivered

Toshiro Mifune looks out
challenges us
laughs big

10,000 yr-old cedars
say ‘be brave
join us in the earth’

be crazy brave

and be
food for eagles

just
alert
in the night

a ‘’hawk call’’
says
go hide

might well be a place
outside the universe
but the cabin’s warm!

ten x ten
enough space
to dream

horsetails cumulus
& nimbostratus
as I look around

Thunderheads
you & me shelter
together

7 colored lakes
unyielding
— mountain storm

spruce tips glistening
‘don’t be afraid’
sky looks new

the best vision I ever had
was of you
running home in the sun

the best vision I ever had
was of me
travels done, home

Let's chew Daddy's beard!
let's copy your beard so all the kids can chew it!
grow it all the way TO THE MOUNTAINS!

maybe a whale shark close-by
I shield the gas cooker
see a meteor

searching
the bright silence
of the sun

Bear digs in, hibernates
(some of us do it too
all of 80 or 90 years!)

Momma Bear licked the sleep
from our eyes
when we were young

a kestrel
gives three sharp calls
right now

pure cry
is heard
  for miles

shits where she wants
electric-quick squirrel
lives just about 6 years

solar & wind OK
geo-engineering?
'cause we're The Guardians of The Galaxy!

the sunrise
hits
 my eyes

in 10 directions
No terms to live by
(Taoist-anarchism?)

With breath
 & step
 in sync —

there are still
about 14,000
active nuclear weapons

NOW there's golden cloud-light
NOW we're travelling all
all the luminescent night

way past sunset
jumped up from bed
slept on legos

there is no one part different / separate
(send emails to friends
about the Arctic Refuge)

dare anyone judge me?
Kyōgen wrote
or Captain Nemo?

(For the youth)
protest only goes so far
in truth,
 we fight ourselves

arrow-top spruce tell me

to stay up
and see

arrow-tops
feather shoots
in the wind

my son speaks from a dream
wow! wow!
look!

waking by stars
walking
by skylight

Light on the grass
this
night

Take care
of rivers
‘’Joy of Starlight’’

‘HEY SPIRITS’
he shouts
at the top of his voice

about 3 or 4am
what about a fire?
‘no, it’d just wake everybody up’

I’d take a clear sky over any peyote
or any buddhas or
y’know crazy-sages

we do the peace-work or accept
the duty of becoming contrary old son-of-a-bitches
(paraphrasing somebody)

No, you're right —
'peace-joy'
feels better

not 2, not one
Kaz paints his
bright heart

nebula-sized sky whales
dive
& resurface

does silver surfer
stay out there
waiting for a wave?

wannabe Indians & Earth-hippies
do their thing, still
20 years of the US in Afghanistan

do I have a problem with people who do nothin?
or with people who talk
and do nothin?

who don't run —
see something good to do
and go do it

writing and erasing
these lines
in my mind

you got no gift?
Oh
you're the gift

searching and searching…
what's right here
in front of me!

translating what the heart says
words don't
work

still with the heart
of a kid
after all these years

where are you now
but here?
sun thru clouds

it's blue, so blue!
what a
day

think I'll throw a party for the Earth
in my sky-bright tipi
invite all my friends

she gets into bed wet
in all her clothes
I'm easily taken by surprise

wide open
sunrise
kiss

motorcycle waits
in a repair shop 2 years
does it remember?

low star
take a look at all
these people sleepin' —

this powerful stream
too free

to stop

drinking from streams — crushing snow flowers
— mountain knows me

in S. Dakota a Sun Dancer says to Cody
'tell me about
a big woman!'

two eagles
alternating circles upwards
an 'x' marks the center of the sky

— OK — pause, just breathing
clear sky, frozen ground
— and now?

'and you will understand the value
the spiritual value
of a mountain' — Russel Means

maybe I have a fever
because 'Mother Earth has a fever'
she loves, doesn't know anything else

sometimes they stay no sound at all
as the sunrise hits 'em
cresting mind

what is it?
it's the law
of the heart

there's bear!
Free Wild Bear in the Free Wild Sky
— look at her go!

mountains
strong whetstone lines

good for the mind

I go up to the high places
with my son
the horizon never gets old

singing spirits
and golden rays
the mornings bring

dark clouds over
sunshine wakes up the land
tracks disappearing in snow

10 seconds
to write something quick
good when there are trees to plant

sun-glinting shoulders
ice still
  holding

set on the search?
better don't
talk

buteo buteo
radiant flight
the way home is clear

soaring, calling
cruising, circling
igniting, alighting

closed eyes
streams and bursts
  across my vision

shinin' forth

watch it
all your life

I realize
(in a sudden but ever-gradual — change)
the deep-blue skylight

puttin' down tools
watchin' mountains blue
because my friend is 70

where the whirr
of a chainsaw
means *where we live*

tyre tracks for Bear
to stop at
and wonder

— got the wind to thank —
in waking
in dreams

I add (with hope) —
renewable: continually given new life, not used up
sustainable: to be sound, sure, defended

but isn't it the same fire we've shared
for as long
 as we can remember?

sun energy sounds
in air — in wood — in earth
resounds with the sun in me

brings dreams
Born of, in, with —
this Earth

the Planet carries us —
brings dreams
and we look ever to the skies

waves
and waves
and waves

the first people
set out
with you

you take out almost all
the words —
and what've you got?

for free rivers
and people
''part of ourselves''

start peace talks
with the land & the waters
born of the same heart

reach higher and I see
the sky full of spirit
and hope

reach higher and higher and see
there is no
brighter heart

Wondering on all this
and on the nature of lightning (just now to the N-E)
I say to myself — we're catchin' fire & still in love

wind at peace or tree splittin'
and all you see is black sky comin'
there's nothing between you and all that

Old Chief, calls me ‘hokšila’ — boy —
no matter
what I do

kestrels; twice fly by —
rooftops;sunset, today
Life-light

stars coming down
becoming peyote
in the desert

got nothin’ but habanero chilli sauce to eat
I sit on my backpack in the rain
trees coming down all around me

oh, what a life
when your friends are stars
and your song goes on

look — a pine!
now close your eyes
try again

home, I feel your heart ‘gainst my chest
blanket ‘round us
snow shinin’ up

you know the songs?
sing ‘em
and what a sunrise it’ll be

Hawk can’t lift more than he weighs
(the biggest rangin’ in at about a kilo, most less)
educate yourself!

old Friendship
we flew with them

in dreams

And people are not just people —
nah, we're the breeze
in the trees

that's strong teaching!
stopping me in my tracks
— heart beating

found out how fast drops fall from treetops
then one hits me
— gotta blink

he was down at the base of tree — callin' momma
watched him
climb up

completely wet
rolls of film got rusted
winder jammed — photos of cloud

'why ya carryin' that?' I dunno, wanna say
like it, feels good, keeps my back warm
hard to put down

'why are you runnin'?'
helps me think'
'so stop runnin'!'

call things by their right names —
do you know what keeps you alive? plankton & whales — Trees —
planet breathing
(from my forest notebook)

view of NOW wild spirits
sacred sites
REDWOODS, WATERSHEDS
(from my forest notebook)

horizons
joined by —
everything!

it goes deep
it reaches
the sky

full up my bottle at the creek
clear water &
solar winds

ripp'd, scored, white inner bark
shows bright
— smells so good!

what'll I see when I come back again?
(Mountain
— can I come back again?)

'Protected Wild' and free-for-all
clear-cutting
(maps show)

highway under construction
the size of it all
blows me away

— blazing
insight
in instants

it's gonna keep going till it's a desert one day
or we can put our hearts
into this land

150 million homeless kids
2.5 million trees cut today

and yet home is anywhere under the sky

universal peace
is not out of reach
‘when your heart does not differ’

a defender of the WILD
disappears
in the storm

The bright shining sun / the wind covers the earth
300 koans whack you over the head
with compassion — no striving / ‘strive hard!’

The Zen masters talk a lot (and in metaphors)
but in the wind / with the sun on your face
what is there to say?

inextinguishable —
everywhere — moving — spirit
NOW — everything — inseparable

wearing this t-shirt 2 weeks
heard the Dalai Lama’s got his old favorite t-shirt
under his robes — look, I’m just how I am

No sound
A falcon comes right out of the mist
lands in front of me / takes off, disappears

Kids nap
in the sun
love this mountain cabin

tent rippling
Thundering
shoreline

Hawk don’t see our lines

sharper eyes than mine
Their freeway

Mountain-speak
I feel it
right in my chest!

The Mountain-spirit goes by a lot of names:
Exquisite-Wisdom Mountain Holy-Mother Heaven-king Future-Buddha Mountain-spirit Grandma Universal-center.
(but does that say something to you about what *a Mountain* is?

Chuang-Tzu legs akimbo
banging a pot
(not to be hit by the 2nd arrow)

Bright eagle —
flies in no sky
with all people

No word
no song speaks
directly to the heart

all kinds of animals come within reach
when I don't
move

Hawk thru trees
— burst —
by my side

tumbling headwaters transformation
I find the words:
May all find shelter

the next truck comes driving in on the beat-down gravel, I get to thinking about all this
Shouldn't we apologise, chant mantra, ask permission?

we finish work, watch sunset

The Original Fire
never started
is lit from life to life

the stars are always saying the same damn thing:
travel light
one of these days I might even get it!

nothing but a remembering
in the heart of life
in the dreamtime

Like Falcons in this grey haven-home,
we are not — and have never been — on our own

a girl walks by in a blue dress says hi
my heart jumps
but I can't reply

7
directions
home

is this the best we can do?
swifts fly so beautifully — I wonder how

VISIONS OF THE NOW
staying true
staying true

Life ———————————— streams
You ———————————— dreams
Mountains & waters — collective imagination

Boundless mountains & waters, ceaselessly flowing
see Gary Snyder's crinkly-eyed smile sayin'
'get out of the mind!'

Boundlessness (Heart Sutra)
the entire sky joins you
fully awake!

rustle! grass
wind or animal?
moving

a bear chased me all thru the mountains
awoke in the mountain cabin
how far is she now?

Y'know
there's a whole Universe, tickets are free
wanna go?

today all these leaves take to the air
spin & go wild
without any hesitation (we've got so much to learn!)

write to friends, call with friends this mornin'
(there is much to celebrate)

ready to go another big trip across the country
across open spaces
(meet you on the way)

'War! What is it good for?
so peace
can shine

War!
(why was it on the no-play list?)
tell me, who's afraid of freedom? or peace?

If you don't know Sanjuro you might think
Sergio Leone was original
— & go all the way back to Zhuangzi's Man With No Name

Sanjuro — Lone Wolf & cub — Wolverine — The Mandalorian

the Planet herself
is the only voice
(Earth democracy)

Fire lit
talkin' with Eliska

cloud forest, wakes real gently
naked, St. Maria Sněžené
breastfeeding, raining, I see my breath

in physical pain typing slow
I remember a promise I made to Avalokiteshvara
to the First Star Woman — way back
/
in physical pain, typing slow
I remember a promise I made
to Avalokiteshvara

raindrops hang suspended from all the trees 'round me
a motor revs up, goes a while, stops
sound of the cloud forest continues

the kayak capsizes, stuck
the River carries me, knocked-out
blessed whitewater teaches how good to be alive

all the Flow born in peace
all futures flow thru you
Peaks born in the wind that never sings, just brings

'how will we talk when you die?' my son asks, 4 years old
Kenobi
— I'll be just like Obi.Wan Kenobi

completed!
right now!

everywhere!

the tipi is always there
you've always been here
just have to know where to look

wearing just a Spider-Man t-shirt, about zero, he starts a shiver
pick him up and hold him close, keep warm
I say, 'people really come alive under the sky'
'come in already — it's freezing!' so we go

break a blade of grass in two
something leaps —

Peace-activists spend too much time
fighting

transformation (!) is bigger than revolution
as complete people
this present moment is bigger than all others

the dirt road buddhas
the two-wheeled buddhas
the sunrise buddhas on the waves

The firefly departs
so quickly, so breathlessly it leaves its light behind (Issa)
millions of Heart Sutras reach from the present to the future —

Jorge driving today:
People shouldn't have to pay
to live on the Earth

a small bird on the top of the highest tipi pole
sunset, mist

a bright star, flash colors — a disco up there? or supernova? is it the peyote?
crunch on frozen grass, the Milky Way

stay, stay — stand strong
sky and earth
sky and earth

so what do we do?
'well…' he laughs
we do what we do best? 'Yeah' Laughs again

sleeping next to my brother

'que pasa?'
just thinking how people are disconnected from the land, how if we take care, feel responsible, we'd feel home (Mexican saying: land belongs to who works it)
'tie your shoes', I look down, he's right

Sweaty Eye told me — left in '68, two years in a refugee camp then got to Canada with Karel Kryl and his brother, and they could drink more than anyone; he useta wear socks on his hands to keep warm, cycling to town to find girls; he came back in the 90's (his beard was long, his head full of Frank Zappa songs)

~~Joza talkin' to a forest ranger;~~ long hair and beard like one of the Kon Tiki crew
~~The Ranger's sayin' — get outta here!~~
~~Joza's sayin' — we belong here (speaks softly, stands butt naked)~~

'all the shit we go through, all the things we gotta prove
prove to no-one, just to you —'
(this song I wrote 10 years ago, now I got a better line) not me, not you

picked up a young swallow, he hit the car — felt near weightless
he was OK
flew right outta my hand!

sunrise
son rise

we are so young, so young
searching
        the bright silence of the sun

an ‘x’ marks the center of the sky
gliders
        multi-dimensional

they go up & up
what do I know?
how high they fly?

cycles all out of cycle
Tao of Nature kicks me in my self-importance
to think I know somethin’ about where and how
new forests will find an inch ‘round here

Grandpa tells me:
your happiness is not dependent on anyone
boundless-heart

a dying stag on the mountain road
‘get up little brother, get up’
he runs now; where am I?

‘come on,’ he calls, ‘what’re you waiting for?’
rocky mountainside, twisting red pines ‘yeah, I like ‘em too’
he walks on ahead, his knee hurtin’ — won’t stop him

A blue falcon hopped ‘round, rescued and couldn’t yet fly — but I
knew that soon he will — could see it in him

transformed into a Kestrel
I zip by
dawn-heart-sigh

open-handed,
collecting charcoals to the fire-box,

my skin sparkles!

2 lines from Bashō — ‘the rough sea / the Milky Way’ in turbulence /
light travels
in a canoe with Nanao in a kind of waking dream
clear, still colored by aurora; he smiles, pulls on the oars

Peace is transcendence
ascension
transmission without words

Peace is grounded
walking
navigation by imagination

Chris leaps with samurai yell
his backpack hid
a cloud of guerrilla-mosquitoes

hidden in plain sight
all these timelines
nexus moments

— into a sky of suns,
not one
healing hands shaking
Crashing wave — of rolling dawn

a fierce spirit pulls us
forward

This rock and forest
is built
on a coral reef

Etta James is part
of the heart
of the Earth /
Etta James keeps me company

in the heart
of the Earth /
Etta James (Muscle Shoals recordings)
keeps me company
in the heart of the Earth /
sweet strong Etta James
keeps me company
on Fire outta Muscle Shoals/
FIYA, FIYA, FI—YA, on Fire

“People protect
what they love”
Jacques-Yves Cousteau

we ask forgiveness for even our boots
our crampons, our tents, our trespasses
and that the mountain brings us into the heart of the Earth & Sky

‘May the Force be with you’
‘Adios!’
’See ya’

in the mornin’ by the open window
I use a coffee-grinder as a Tibetan prayer wheel, wave friends a good drive
as we go ’round the sun
atoms left to spin in peace

we need a few more good swear-words these days (with the immediacy and honesty we can put to good use) — FRAK! feels appropriate (remember Dirk Benedict / Starbuck 1978?)

my son sings ‘listen to the wind blow’— and sure enough!

‘wind blow’— and sure enough.
I am open.

radicalising

compassion
what we have to do

this forest was a coral reef
this city was forest
this desert was / will be our home

poem
where?

continuous light
scintillates above and below
above and below, whatever we do

wearing this t-shirt 2 weeks
heard the Dalai Lama's got his old favorite t-shirt too
— try to tell my wife

I had this dream: talking to my son about building a small tipi 'I'm happy I'm growing up like this!' listening to a record of humpback whales, makes me cry, and there's this buddhist nun (my friend's pretty sister), the air is the winter-morning-kind

listenin' The Rolling Stones & James Brown
sayin' hi to everyone we meet, we meet everyone, winter mornin's

best art exhibition I've ever seen was
Libor's one about all the pieces he'd made and then found out that they'd already been done somewhere

can't follow the movements of this blue dragonfly
but I know he's blue! no, he's not blue — not dragonfly
he is my very short-lived brother

squashed snake on the road, pick him up to have a good look, yeah really squashed, just like I thought

I dream so many times of a bookshop, full of boxes, full of books where I search and read till I wake up

what? don't remember

this tree on the ground covered in catkins
the Forest Service really are bastards

in my twenties I snuck up on a fox — then she bolted
in my thirties followed tracks up the mountainside in the snow, maybe tracking a ghost

the melt
will wash
rivers away



heard a Chief tell a story about how we came from Mars, to find a place to start new. Navajos and lots of others have stories about worlds and travelling between worlds till we found this one. Astro-geologists now look for Mars rocks for bubbles of atmosphere or water inside, they say it's gonna change everything. I'm not so sure. I follow tracks up the mountainside in the snow maybe tracking a ghost.

the melt
will wash
rivers away

the uses of fire
the meaning of heart
— all the sunrises I've seen

feel the sunset
kids run, shout 'ah-ow, ah-ow'

one tree upside down
feel the tree roots above ground

the mountains and rivers stay awhile
till everything returns

Aurora Borealis —
can't see it from here tonight
just spruce trees lit dream-like

draws / drawing animals from branches of trees
they leap, transform one to the next and
keep me up — it's just moonlight

Chief Crazy Horse
points to the sky

Sergio Leone got it from
Sanjuro — Lone Wolf &
cub —
& Chuang-tzu

down the
SCREE
you & me

— peyote (peyōni: "to glisten")
stars
coming
down

stars
coming
down
— how peyote propagates

sky path
-ways
oldest of the old
ancestors
kids
you always
belong
you always
belong

you all—ways
be—
long

in this cabin
friendly with the sparks —
fireflies
(after ISSA)

‘’The eyes of the hawks
are now dimmed’’
Mountain—forest—wind
(after BASHŌ)

The dragonfly
dyes his body all colors —
as do I
(after BAKUSU)

Bright edge
starts & ends over the mountain —
The Milky Way
(after SHIKI)

There’s nothing
he doesn’t know —
boy stomping snow
(after FŪSEI)

Dawn —
the campfire is buried
in snow
(after SHIRŌ)

after Hawk
 is gone
Jay is the first to fly

Haiku: just some
words
that love nature

What's this? just part
of a verse
tryin to catch its own tail

